Aren't We #CurrenCute Together?
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Aren’t We #CurrenCute Together?

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Spending a day out with Curren Chan, what could go wrong?

Notes

Once again betad and edited by GrimSylvia because I’m a lazy fat chud and I got my ASS BEAT AGAIN OVER 100 FUCKING COMMENTS AND FIXES AND IM GOING TO BLOW MY FUCKING HEAD OFF

Yeah yeah yeah smth smth big sis I DINT WANNA HEAR IT IN MY COMMENTS I SIMPLY JUST WANTED TO WRITE CURREN AND YKNOW THIS WAS THE EASIEST WAY like this character literally pushes this kinda stuff cygames wanted this

So I am not held liable for any kinks written about in here im simply the messenger yknow

We just gotta experiment every once in a while I have no preferences for Curren Chan I am completely separate from this work I plead the fifth I know my rights

Disc
https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The weekend crowd thickens around the open-air shopping district, a vibrant blur of storefronts and chatter that only increases your growing sense of unease. You try to compress yourself, to occupy as little space as possible, but it's an impossible task when you're walking side-by-side with Curren Chan. Even among the bustling odies, her presence is undeniable—partially because of her massive social media fame, and partially because she possesses a towering, physically striking stature that naturally draws the eye, her short white hair catching the afternoon sun while her gaze sweeps over the display windows.

You, on the other hand, are practically glued to her side—not by choice, but because her arm is securely looped through yours. The physical closeness is overwhelming. Every time you take a step, you are acutely aware of the side of her body rubbing up against yours.

"Look at that store, Big Sis! Aren't those matching hair accessories lovely?" Curren beams, her voice a perfect, melodic chime that carries easily over the ambient noise. She leans down slightly, bringing her face close to yours, the simple red bow on her left ear brushing against your shoulder. "We should totally take a quick selfie in front of the glass, it'll really bring out how cute I am. ♪"

"Curren, please, let's just... keep moving," you mutter softly, your eyes darting nervously toward a group of passing umamusume. Your heart does a frantic little jump against your ribs. "We really shouldn't be out like this. Hanging out one-on-one with a student outside of campus grounds... if someone from the academy sees us, it's going to look really bad."

Curren lets out a soft, dramatic pout, her lower lip turning out just enough to look devastatingly adorable to anyone watching. She doesn't loosen her grip on your arm; if anything, she tightens it, pulling you a fraction of an inch closer.

"Hehe... you're being paranoid again, Big Sis," she giggles, though the sound has a certain edge to it. "We're just two girls having a perfectly normal weekend outing! Besides, a promise is a promise, remember? You told me that if I took first place in the finals last week, you'd grant my wish. You wouldn't want to break a pinky promise with your super cute little sis, would you? That would break Curren Chan's poor little heart."

You swallow hard, the guilt hitting exactly where she aimed it. She

had run a flawless race, executing the strategy you've spent months drafting together, and in the euphoria of the winner's circle, she had cornered you with that bright, expectant smile. You hadn't known how to say no then, and you certainly don't know how to say no now. You are, as you always have been, a bit of a pushover when it comes to her.

"I know I promised," you say, your voice barely above a whisper as you try to gently nudge your arm free. "But we could have done something on campus. Or... or I don't know, invited some other people too? Walking around together holding hands like this—"

"We're not holding hands, we're locking arms! It's totally different," Curren interrupts smoothly, her passive-aggressive cheerfulness cutting off your retreat before you can even mount it. She stops abruptly, forcing you to halt alongside her in front of a boutique window. She turns her full attention to you, her eyes wide and sparkling with a look of pure innocence. "Do I really embarrass you that much? I thought you'd be proud to be seen with me, Big Sis. My followers on Umastagram are always saying how lucky my trainer must be. Are you saying they're wrong?"

The underlying pressure in her tone is palpable. It's a trap, and you know it. If you say yes, you validate her behavior; if you say no, you look like a cold, unfeeling mentor who doesn't care about her happiness. You feel... cornered.

"No, Curren, that's not what I mean at all," you stammer quickly, your face warming with a mix of embarrassment and distress. "You know I'm proud of your training. It's just the boundaries—"

"Then there's no problem! ♪" Curren instantly snaps back into her regular idol-perfect tone, the tension vanishing as quickly as it appeared. She pats your hand resting against her sleeve, her white-gloved fingers warm and firm. "You're just overthinking things, as usual. This should be a reward for you too, getting to spend the whole day exclusively with the one and only Curren Chan!"

She starts walking again, practically towing you along with her. Her stride is long, forcing your smaller steps into a hurried, awkward rhythm just to keep up.

"Hey, Big Sis," Curren murmurs after a moment, her tone shifting into something softer, more intimate as she steers you toward a less crowded side-street lined with cafes. "Look over there. That icecream

parlor? That's the really popular one on Umastagram. You're going to buy one for me, aren't you?"

You look at the shop, then up at her, realizing with a sinking feeling that you are entirely at her mercy for the rest of the afternoon. "If I buy it... can we please sit somewhere out of the main walkway?"

"Ehehe, we'll see," Curren teases, her eyes flashing with devilish amusement as she pulls you toward the queue. "We've still got a lot left to do today, okay, Big Sis?"

That was all it took for you to get ensnared together with Curren for the rest of the day, continuing your shopping spree together in earnest, despite how you might say otherwise.

All the way until the afternoon began to slowly bleed into twilight, the vibrant blue of the sky deepening into shades of purple and gold as the streetlamps flick on one by one. You have spent the last four hours being pulled from one end of the district to the other, your arms now laden with sleek shopping bags filled with everything from limited-edition outfits to high-end skincare products that Curren insisted looked "vital for your complexion."

Your feet ache from trying to keep pace with her long, effortless strides, and the constant, low-grade anxiety of being recognized has left you thoroughly exhausted.

As you finally step out of a boutique into the cool evening air, you check your watch. The numbers glowing back at you provide a perfect excuse to finally end the day.

"Curren, look at the time," you say, keeping your voice firm but quiet as you turn to face her. "It’s already getting dark and the stores are starting to close. We really need to wrap this up. I can call a car to pick you up here and take you back to the Tracen dorms. That way, you won't have to carry all these bags, and you'll be back easily before curfew."

Curren stops, the gentle sway of her long tail slowing as she turns toward you. Under the warm glow of the newly lit streetlamps, her eyes fixate on you with a sudden, intense focus. She doesn't let go of your arm; instead, she shifts her weight, casting a long shadow over you.

"A ride? But that sounds so lonely, Big Sis," Curren says, her voice dropping into a soft, dramatic whine. She tilts her head, watching you

carefully at an angle. "After we had such a wonderful day together? Sending me off in a car by myself... that's not cute at all."

"It's just for safety, Curren," you press on, trying to hold your ground despite how small you she makes you feel. "And for propriety. Walking back to campus together in the dark... it’s just not a good idea. Please understand."

"But I wanna go with Big Sis," she cuts in smoothly, completely talking over your explanation with a bright, innocent earnestness. She leans in, bringing her face down until you can smell the faint, sweet scent of the strawberry crepes you bought her earlier. "I could run into some trouble on the way back, y’know?"

"Curren, I really think the car is the best option—"

"Besides, the walk from here back to Tracen isn't even that far," she continues seamlessly, utterly ignoring your protest as she gently pat-pats your hand trapped against her sleeve. "Think of it as extra stamina training for me! And we can look at the stars. Maybe If I try real hard on the walk back, you'll even hold my hand properly. You wouldn't want me tripping in the dark, right, Big Sis? You're so sweet and responsible, I just know you won't leave me stranded."

She smiles down at you—a weirdly expectant expression that instantly makes you feel weird for ever thinking otherwise. The sheer weight of her insistence presses down on you. You know that if you refuse again, she will either frame it as you neglecting her safety, or she’ll make things incredibly tense during tomorrow's track sessions.

With a defeated sigh, your shoulders slump. "Fine... I'll walk you back to the gates. But we have to keep a brisk pace. No more stops."

"I knew I could count on you! ♪"

As you walk, the evening air grows crisper, the bustling noise of the commercial district fading into the quieter, tree-lined avenues approaching the campus. Despite your lingering anxiety, Curren is in high spirits, practically skipping on the way. She keeps you close, occasionally pointing up at the sky or leaning down to whisper a teasing comment about how the contrast of the streetlights makes her look "beautifully ethereal."

"You know, Big Sis," she murmurs softly, her voice carrying a rare touch of genuine satisfaction as she pulls you along. "The two of us look really good together like this. You should stop worrying about

what everyone else thinks and just focus on me. After all, I'm the one who's going to take you all the way to the top of the Twinkle Series."

The imposing brick gates of Tracen Academy loom ahead, a comforting sight that signals the supposed end of your ordeal. You let out a quiet sigh of relief, already preparing to hand over the shopping bags and finally catch a train back to your own apartment. But as you come to a halt near the entrance, Curren's grip on your arm doesn't loosen. Instead, she seamlessly steers you past the main gates and down the path leading directly toward the student dormitories.

"Curren, wait," you say, stopping your feet and pulling back slightly against her weight. "I said I'd walk you to the gates. You're inside the academy grounds now. You're perfectly safe, so I should really get going."

Curren stops and turns toward you, the white of her hair clearly illuminated the soft glow of the courtyard lanterns. She looks down at the bags clutched in your hands, then up at your tired face, a look of profound, fabricated pity washing over her features.

"But Big Sis, look at all those bags you're carrying for me," she says, her voice dropping into a sweet, coaxing purr. She steps closer, invading your personal space until you have to tilt your head back just to look at her. "It would be really un-cute of me to make you drop them off right here on the floor. My room is just up on the third floor. You can help me carry them up to my door, can't you? It'll only take a teensy minute! ♪"

"No, Curren, absolutely not," you say, a spike of genuine panic cutting through your exhaustion. You try to take a step back, but she steps with you, keeping the distance between you closed. "Trainers are strictly forbidden from entering the student residential floors past evening check-in. If the dorm leader or anyone else sees me up there I… I could lose my license."

Curren lets out a soft, melodic giggle, entirely unbothered by the gravity of your words.

"Hm, you're being so dramatic, Big Sis," she murmurs. "Who's going to see us? Everyone is already in their rooms getting ready for bed. Are you saying you don't trust me to keep a little secret? Or... do you think I'm the kind of bad girl who would get her trainer in trouble?"

"It's not about trust, it's the rules—"

"If you really cared about my comfort after I ran so hard for you last week, you wouldn't leave me to struggle with all these heavy things by myself," she cuts in, using that tone that always makes you freeze. She leans down further, her breath warm against your ear as she traps you with another unanswerable question. "Unless... you don't actually care about me? Is spending five more minutes to help your adorable little sis really such a horrible chore to you?"

You open your mouth to defend yourself, to say no, of course you care, but this is way too inappropriate. Unfortunately, the words catch like sand in your throat. Her proximity is overwhelming, completely blocking out the rest of the courtyard. The subtle accusation of being an unfeeling, even neglectful trainer hits your deep sense of responsibility. Exactly where she knows it hurts. You find yourself completely paralyzed, unable to find the firm, authoritative voice you so desperately need.

Seeing your hesitation, a brilliant, victorious smile breaks across Curren's face.

"Ehehe! I knew you'd see it my way! ♪" she chirps happily.

Before you can form a cohesive sentence to object, she wraps her fingers firmly around your wrist and pulls forward. The difference in strength meaning theres no resisting her momentum without making a scene. You're practically dragged through the heavy glass doors of the dormitory entrance, heart hammering against your ribs in a rhythm of pure dread.

As the lobby doors click shut behind you, sealing you inside the building, Curren hums a cheerful little tune, utterly delighted. You look down at the bags in your hands and then up at the back of her head, utterly failing to find the words to stop her as she leads you straight toward the stairwell.

When it finally gives way to the muffled hallway of the third floor, your heart feels like it's in your throat with every step, the carpeted floor absorbing the sound of your frantic footsteps while Curren's boots click softly beside you. When she finally stops in front of her door, she slips her keycard into the slot and pushes the door open, gesturing for you to go in.

"Right inside, Big Sis! ♪" she whispers playfully, giving you a gentle nudge against your lower back that practically forces you across the threshold.

You step into the room, your eyes immediately darting around in panic, bracing yourself for the horrified look of another student catching a staff member in their room. But to your surprise, the opposite bed is neatly made, the desk clear as well.

"Ah, looks like Ayabe is out right now," Curren remarks casually, closing the door behind you with a soft click . "Lucky us!"

"Curren, here are the bags," you say breathlessly, setting them down onto her desk quickly, as if they were hot coals. "I'm leaving now. Seriously. We've pushed the rules way too far, I—."

"Hey, don't be in such a rush! You've been trying to run away from me all afternoon," Curren says, turning around and leaning her back against the closed door, effectively blocking your only exit. She folds her hands behind her back, tilting her head with a soft, entirely reasonable smile. "The day is practically over anyway. But before you go, we have to take one last picture together to remember our special weekend outing. If we don't, it’s like it never even happened, and my Umastagram followers will be so disappointed not to see a sweet update from me and my Big Sis."

You look at her, then back at the door. A single photo. Compared to everything else she’s made you do today, a selfie seems somewhat minor. A quick toll to pay for your freedom.

"Fine," you relent, voice tight with exhaustion. "Just one quick photo, and then I’m walking out that door."

"Ehehe! Awesome! ♪ But wait..." Curren’s pink eyes suddenly slant as she turns toward the shopping bags. She reaches inside one of them and pulls out a garment wrapped in delicate tissue paper. "If we're going to take a proper photo, you have to look the part! You should change into this one. It's the dress we picked out together. Remember?"

You look at the fabric she’s holding up, a cold sweat breaking out across your neck. It’s a very elegant dress, but it’s way too inappropriate for someone, let alone a faculty member, to be wearing inside a student's room—the neckline is cut low, the fabric thin and form-fitting, far too revealing for comfort.

"Curren. Absolutely not. I am not changing clothes in a student dorm room," you say, voice rising slightly in genuine distress. "That's way too sketchy... I'm wearing my clothes. That's how we're taking the picture."

Curren's smile doesn't fade, but her eyes narrow just a fraction. "But Big Sis, you already agreed to take a proper photo. And a proper photo means looking your best. You wouldn't want to ruin our beautiful memory by being stubborn at the very last second, would you? It's just a pretty dress."

She steps away from the door, moving deliberately into your space, holding the garment out towards you. You look at the dress, then at her unyielding expression, realizing she won't let you move an inch toward that door until she gets what she wants. Your resolve breaks under the sheer exhaustion of fighting her all day.

"Fine," you whisper, snatching the fabric from her hands. "I'll change. Just... give me a minute."

You practically bolt into the adjacent bathroom, clicking the lock into place. Your hands tremble as you change out of your clothes and slip into the dress. Looking in the mirror, your face burns with embarrassment; the dress clings to your silhouette, revealing far more skin around your shoulders and collarbones than you would ever willingly show. It feels so wrong.

When you finally unlock the door and step back into the dorm, Curren's eyes light up with an intense, predatory delight.

"Oh wow, Big Sis... you look almost as cute as me," she murmurs, her voice dropping into a low, almost breathless tease.

Before you can take a step or express your discomfort, Curren bridges the gap between you. Her body completely eclipses yours with every step. Without asking, her hands come down onto your bare shoulders, her grip firm and possessively warm against your skin. She slides her hands down your arms, pulling you flush against her front, her fingers tracing the edge of the neckline.

"See? I told you it would look perfect on you," Curren whispers, face leaning down so close that her bangs brush against your cheek, her eyes fixed entirely on your flushed, nervous reflection in the room's full-length mirror. She raises her phone with her free hand, grip tightening around your waist to keep you anchored securely against her. "Now, look at the camera, Big Sis. Don't look away... let's show everyone how adorable we are. ♪"

The camera shutter clicks are rapidfire, the artificial flash reflecting off the room's mirrors and illuminating your increasingly flushed, distressed face. Curren is an absolute master of her craft; shifting her

angles seamlessly, phone raised high to capture every single frame. But, with every new pose, she presses closer, completely enveloping you.

You can feel the radiant warmth of her body, the gentle, steady rise and fall of her chest, and the faint scent of perfume that seems to follow her everywhere. Her touch is constant and invasive—one moment her hand rests heavy on the bare skin of your shoulder, and the next, her fingers are teasing the openings at your hips, just barely pushing the edge.

"Oh, look at this one, Big Sis!" Curren chirps, voice maintaining that perfectly sweet tone even as her hand slides a little higher up your waist, her long fingers splaying over your ribs. She giggles, leaning her head down until her cheek is pressed right against yours. "We look so natural together like this. You know... if someone who didn't know us saw these photos, they'd probably think we were a couple out on a super romantic date. Ehehe! Wouldn't that just set Umastagram on fire? The mystery of Curren Chan's secret lover... it would get so much attention! ♪"

"Curren... please, that's not funny," you stammer, voice tight and trembling as you try to shrink away from her touch. The word lover sends a jolt of panic through you. "We've taken enough photos. I need to change back into my clothes and leave. If someone sees these—"

"But we're just getting to the best part!" she states, her tone playful but grip continuing to tighten. She doesn't let you turn around. Instead, she shifts her body, turning you around until your back is pressed flat against her front. Easily able to reach over your shoulders, arms wrapping around you like a vice.

Before you can voice a proper protest, the nature of the photos shifts drastically. Curren tilts the phone down, angling it to capture the most revealing parts of your dress, her fingers finally dipping under the edge of the fabric. She poses with a sweet, devilish wink, while you look utterly caught, wide-eyed and embarrassed. The camera clicks again and again, capturing increasingly intimate, vulnerable angles that make your stomach twist with anxiety. A boundary crossed so completely that you can barely process it.

"Curren—"

"Just one more, Big Sis. Hold still," Curren whispers.

Before the words can fully form in your throat to command her to let

you go, she uses her leverage to completely control the moment. With one swift motion, she slides her hand up to the back of your neck, fingers tangling gently but firmly into your hair, tilting your face upward. You look up into her eyes, entirely frozen by the sudden, overwhelming proximity, and before you can even blink, Curren leans down and presses her lips directly against yours.

Your brain goes entirely blank, the world narrowing down to the warmth of her lips, the firm grip on your waist, and the sharp click of the phone camera capturing the scene from above. You are so thoroughly stunned by the audacity that your body refuses to move. You stand there, completely paralyzed, letting her hold you in the kiss for way, way too long as the seconds stretch out in agonizingly silent numbers.

Finally, the building panic breaks through your shock. With a sharp, desperate gasp, you use what little leverage you have to press your hands against her chest and push back, breaking the contact. You stumble back a step, lips tingling and face burning a violent, brilliant crimson, your breath coming in ragged, uneven shallow pants as you stare up at her in utter disbelief.

"Curren... delete that. Please, delete it right now," you breathe out, voice trembling so hard it’s barely a whisper. You reach out a hand, fingers shaking as you try to grasp for her phone, chest heaving under the tight fabric of the dress. "If anyone sees that... if that gets out, it’s over. My career, everything. Please, Curren."

Curren stands there, seemingly indifferent as she moves the phone away from you, her long white tail swaying in a slow arc. She looks down at the screen of her phone, a soft, analytical hum escaping her lips as she looks over the image she just captured.

"Awww, but it came out so perfectly, Big Sis," she says, her tone entirely casual, as if you were arguing over a blurry photo of a pastry rather than a career-ending scandal. "Look at how cute your face is when you're surprised. I think it’s a total keeper."

"I'm serious Curren!" Your voice cracks with a sudden wave of desperation, meek exterior fracturing under pure panic. "Delete it. I'm begging you."

Curren’s eyes snap up from the screen, locking onto yours. Seeing you like this—so vulnerable, completely at her mercy, and desperate—doesn't make her back down. Instead, a slow, satisfied expression

crosses her face. Your desperation doesn't deter her; it gives her ideas.

"Well... I suppose I could delete it," Curren murmurs, stepping forward and closing the distance you had just fought to put between the two of you. "But only if you're willing to make a little trade. If you stay and play a little longer, maybe I'll think about hitting that delete button. You want me to delete it, right, Big Sis? Then you just have to cooperate."

"Cooperate? What do you—"

Before you can even finish the sentence, she switches her phone to video mode with a quick flick of her thumb, her free hand coming down firmly on your hip, pulling you back into her inescapable embrace.

"Let's make some memories just for the two of us," she whispers.

Her hand slides down to rest on your chest, fingers digging in a little too much. You let out a sharp, involuntary gasp at the sudden, intimate touch—and the phone in her hand instantly catches the sound, the lens angled perfectly to capture the sheer embarrassment written across your face.

"Oh, listen to that. What a cute sound, Big Sis," Curren cooes, her voice a soft purr against your ear as her hand moves purposefully over your body, taking every boundary you've provided so far and shoving them into the dirt. She pushes forward, her strength giving you absolutely no room to resist as she steers you toward the dormitory couch.

"Curren, stop... please, the video—" you try to protest, stumbling as you are forced to walk awkwardly.

Slowly pushing you down onto the cushions, she follows you down, her body completely blocking out the light in the room overhead. Her hands go deeper inside the fabric of your dress, holding you so tightly against her that you can feel every muscle in her body.

The camera keeps rolling all the while, capturing the uneven rise and fall of your chest, the quiet, helpless noises you make as her hands explore your body, and the absolute control she holds over you. You are entirely overwhelmed, sinking into the cushions as Curren shifts her weight, long legs straddling yours until she's positioned practically right on top of you on the couch, looking down at you with a smug, dangerous smirk that promises she won't be letting you go anytime

soon.

Every detail of your unraveling composure recorded as Curren systematically strips away whatever defenses you have left. The flash and steady glow of the recording light fill the dim dorm room, framing the stark contrast between her effortless control and your complete helplessness.

Curren leans down, pinning you flat against the couch cushions as she presses her lips back onto yours. No longer a brief kiss; she forces your mouth open, making out with you with a slow intensity that leaves you panting. Her hands are everywhere, groping your waist, your hips, and sliding the straps of the dress down your arms. With a firm tug, she pushes the fabric down past your waist, exposing the delicate, lacy lingerie she'd made you buy earlier in the afternoon.

"Look at how perfectly it fits you, Big Sis," Curren whispers against your lips, her breath hot and shallow as she angles the phone down to record the view of your exposed body. "I knew you'd look so incredibly cute in this. Let's make sure the camera gets a really good angle of how flushed you are. ♪"

"Curren... please…" you whimpered, voice completely devoid of any real authority. You place your hands against her shoulders, trying to push her away, but your strength feels utterly pathetic against her enthusiasm. She doesn't even budge. Your resistance is entirely ignored, treated as nothing more than a playful reaction to her aggressive affection.

"Nuh-uh, you promised you'd cooperate if you wanted me to delete these photos, remember?" Curren chides playfully, shifting her weight and crawling further up your body until she's practically on top of your chest, pressing down and making it hard to breathe.

She places the phone down on the arm of the couch, leaving it running to record everything from a high angle while both of her hands come down to possessively cup and knead your boobs.

"Hey, Big Sis..." Curren murmurs, her voice dropping into a low, thick lilt that sends a spike of pure adrenaline through your veins. She leans her forehead against yours, her bangs casting a shadow over your eyes. "All this photo shooting and bonding time... it's making your cute little sis really, really hot and bothered. You can feel it, right?"

As she speaks, her hips shift hard, grinding down against your upper torso. Through the thin fabric of her shorts, a large, rigid length

presses hard against your chest. The sheer, imposing size of her erection is undeniable. You can already feel it throbbing.

She looks down at your wide, utterly terrified eyes, a triumphant, dominant smile stretching across her face.

"My dick is so hard right now, Big Sis, and it hurts a little," Curren whispers, tone maintaining that eerily sweet, innocent sound even as she slides one of your trembling hands down toward her crotch, forcing your fingers to wrap around the massive shape straining against her clothes. "Could you be a good big sis and take care of it for me? You wouldn't want me to be in pain, right? Please... do this for your adorable little sis. ♪"

Your mouth opens to refuse, to plead, to remind her one last time of some reason that this is wrong, but the intimidation of the situation alone is enough to leave you entirely mute. You can only look up at her with wide, helpless eyes, breath hitching in your throat.

"Ehehe! Thanks, Big Sis! I knew you couldn't say no to me! ♪" Curren chirps with delight, treating your paralysis as the ultimate green light.

With a quick, eager flick of her wrist, she unfastens her shorts. The sheer size of what frees itself takes whatever breath you had left away. Her dick is massive—thick, heavy, and throbbing with a flush heat that radiates against your skin. She shifts her weight on your chest, deliberately lowering herself until the length is pressed firmly right between your breasts, the tip poking up just inches away from your face.

"Wow... it feels so good against you already, Big Sis," Curren whispers, pupils blown wide as she looks down at you. She reaches over to grab her phone, angling the camera down so it captures the sight of her cock resting against your delicate lingerie. "Thank you for being the best Big Sis in the whole wide world. You're always so willing to help me out when I need it most."

Curren grips the couch at side of your head and begins to gyrate her hips forward, initiating a slow friction-filled slide right in that valley. The massive length slips between your breasts, the heat of it searing against your skin as she pushes herself deeper in your cleavage with every thrust.

"Mm, it's really soft, but you can do better, right?" Curren hums, her breathing turning thick and ragged as she adjusts the phone to get a clearer angle of your face. "Come on, Big Sis, use your hands to press

your breasts together for me. Make it nice and tight around my dick. And... hey, it's a little dry. Why don't you use your mouth and saliva to help get it nice and slippery for your favorite little sis? Lick the tip for me... 'kay? ♪"

The sheer, degrading nature of the request makes your face burn with a mixture of intense embarrassment and submission. You are trapped; your career hanging on the line via the videos she's hoarding. Desperate to keep her satisfied so this will finally end, you reluctantly raise your hands, pressing your own breasts together to create a tighter channel for her to fuck. You tilt your head forward, tongue darting out to wet the leaking tip, coating it in saliva just like she demands.

"Ah... yes! Just like that, Big Sis! You're doing so good! ♪" Curren gasps out, tail thrashing wildly against the back of the couch as the extra lubrication allows her to thrust down much faster, her dick sliding smoothly between your chest and rubbing up against your chin.

You tilt your head away, trying desperately to block your face from the camera lens with your shoulder, but it's useless. Curren smoothly adjusts her arm, raising the phone higher to capture every pathetic angle of your compliance, every helpless noise you make, and every desperate stare.

"Nuh-uh! Don't hide from the camera, Big Sis! I want to see that ultra cute face you're making for me," Curren eggs you on, her hips picking up a relentless, pounding rhythm against your chest that leaves you entirely overwhelmed. "Keep going... make your cute little sis feel as good as possible! ♪"

The heat in the small dorm room is suffocating as Curren maintains her relentless speed between your chest. The wet sound of her length sliding between your breasts mingle with your own shallow, ragged breathing. You do exactly as she demands, using your mouth and tongue to coat the throbbing shaft with saliva, trying your absolute best to keep her satisfied so this nightmare will finally end.

"Ah... mm, you're so amazing at this, Big Sis," Curren pants, her voice cracking with a thick, heavy arousal that resonates right through your ribcage. Completely fixated on the view beneath her. "You make me feel so good... I knew picking you as my trainer was the best decision I ever made."

Her thrusts pick up a sudden, frantic speed, the muscles in her legs

tightening as her whole frame shudders. You can feel the spike in her body temperature, her breathing turning into sharp, desperate gasps as she nears her limit.

"Wait... nngh, I'm about to cum, Big Sis!" Curren gasps out, voice a mix of manic excitement and overwhelming pleasure.

She quickly adjusts the phone, holding it high above both of your faces to ensure the perfect overhead angle. "Hey... do a pose for the camera! Hold up your fingers in a peace sign for me! Come on, do it for your super cute little sis! ♪"

The sheer humiliation of the request makes your stomach drop, but, with her weight pinning you down and the camera recording every second, you don't have much of a choice. Reluctantly, your trembling hands rise up on either side of your face, fingers weakly forming two pathetic peace signs.

"Ehehe! Perfect! ☆"

The moment the pose is struck, Curren lets out a loud, breathless cry, hips jerking violently forward. A massive shot of thick, hot cum erupts from the tip of her dick, landing hot across your face, your mouth, and dripping down onto your exposed chest and lingerie. You flinch violently, eyes squeezing shut as the sticky, white heat covers your skin, but you are forced to keep those humiliating peace signs raised. The camera catches every single bit of it—her entire orgasm and the look of total defeat on your face.

Curren exhales a long, shuddering breath, slowly slumping her heavy weight down onto you as her erection throbs and slides out from between your breasts. She looks at the recorded video on her screen, a smile breaking across her face.

"Wow... that was really good," Curren giggles, wiping a bit of sweat from her forehead before tapping the screen to save the video. "I seriously can't wait to show my followers this. Everyone is going to see just how close and cute I am with my trainer. We look like the perfect match! ♪"

"W—what?!" you sob out weakly, the thick fluid cooling uncomfortably against your cheeks as you look up at her in terror. "I did what you wanted. I'll do anything... just… Please. Don't show anyone. Don't post it. I'll do whatever you say."

Curren tilts her head, looking down at your desperate, tear-stained

face with a sweet, thoroughly devilish expression. She gently taps the side of your sticky cheek with her phone, her smile widening.

"Anything? Ehehe, well... since you put it that way, Big Sis," Curren murmurs. "There are definitely a couple of other things you can help me out with tonight before I even think about deleting anything. You're staying right here until I'm completely satisfied, okay? ♪"

End Notes

On that big sis type beat yknow

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